The hunter becomes the huntee

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The hunter becomes the huntee

by daddywillgraham

Summary

Will is separated from Hannibal, and people are hunting him. Hopefully, Hannibal finds him before they do.

Notes

I was camping and imagined a 'What-if' scenario where Will is injured in the outback.

Will was hiding beneath some dense foliage, his back was pressed against a tall and wide eucalyptus tree. He tried to slow his breathing. He had managed to avoid being found so far from the mercenary. He wasn't sure how long he had been missing, at least a couple of days, and he had no way of contacting Hannibal, hoping he was smart enough to get the message that they were being hunted. Will had experience some very cold nights, temperatures dropping to five degrees.

The sound of birds chirping and the wind blowing through the trees were the only sounds present. Will was so focused on the other sounds that he overlooked the very light treading of feet coming up from behind him.
Will had a small hunting knife on him, curled tightly in his hand.
He turned his head, heart leaping in his chest, his flight or fight instincts set in and without thinking, he leapt at the person who sprang at him, lunging with his knife.
It happened so quickly that large, firm hands gripped his wrists, disarming him.
Blood rushed through his ears, and he could not comprehend the calming words being spoken to him.

"It's okay, you're safe, Will."
The hands didn't move from his wrists. Will looked up to see Hannibal staring back at him with concern and relief.
"Hannibal, what are you doing?" The days of adrenaline finally catching up to him, he crumpled into Hannibal,
"You're injured," Hannibal replied, attempting to assess the wounds. "It's just a scratch."
Will tried to pull away, but Hannibal was stronger.
"Will," he said firmly, giving the brunette direct eye contact.
Will gave up with a huff, allowing his partner to assess any injuries he may or may not have.
The 'subtle' swipe from the mercenary turned out to be deeper than Will thought.
"I will have to stitch this as soon as possible." Hannibal had pulled up Will's shirt; a deep gash was near his waist, Will could handle seeing wounds, lost limbs, etc., on anybody else, but anything that needed urgent attention on himself had him feeling woozy. Hannibal had to support Will's sudden dead weight as Will looked at his injury.
Hannibal, holding on tightly, gently ushered reassurances to his partner.
"It's okay, I've got you." Hannibal slipped his arm underneath Will's knees and the other supporting his back into a bridal carry. The threat unfortunately had not been sorted out yet, but Hannibal managed to lead the threat away from their direction, giving him enough time to get Will to the car and if he had to, the cannibal would go back out to take care of the person who thought he'd try and kill his possession.

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